

U. G. Harwick

WANT TO  
Rent Your House?  
Sell Your Horse?  
Hire Help?  
Try the News Want column.  
24 words 1 week, 25c.  
24 words 3 weeks, 50c.

WANTS, LOST, ETC.  
Notices under this head inserted one week for 25 cents. Three weeks for 50 cents.

FOR SALE.  
We have a large quantity of extra fine  
squashes which we will supply in any  
quantity desired at reasonable prices.  
H. & W. Farwell.

To Let.  
House of ten rooms, on Park street,  
with stable connected. To be vacated  
by Dr. J. G. Bunting this week.  
Ceylon Rowe.

WARNING.  
We hereby forbid all persons dumping  
refuse matter of any kind at the mouth  
of Alder river within the limits of the  
highway.  
H. Farwell, } Selectmen  
J. C. Billings, } Bethel.  
C. E. Barker, }

FOR SALE.  
Any one in need of a sewing machine  
should examine the New Home which  
can be seen at the store of E. E. Burn-  
ham. This machine is new and can be  
bought at a bargain. S. N. BUCK.

WANTED.  
Wanted the people to know that we  
have a limited quantity of dry hard  
wood which we will deliver on wheels  
at a reasonable price. Leave your order  
at the News office, or inquire of  
H. & W. Farwell, Bethel, Me.

FOR SALE.  
A full blooded Chester about one  
year old. Inquire of Addison S. Bean,  
Box 25, West Bethel, Me.

For Sale Cheap.  
One three-seated spring board with  
pole, one farm wagon, one open buggy,  
one pair driving harness, one pair  
working harness, one single horse.  
Ceylon Rowe.

WANTED.  
The people to know that by using non-  
corrosive ink their expenses for pens  
will be practically nothing. Call and  
examine our pens which have been  
used several weeks and never wiped.  
News Publishing Co.

SAUEL RICHARDS, Ref. D.  
The only  
DOCTOR OF REFRACTION  
in Oxford County, and the only Optician  
using the Javal Ophthalmometer.  
Examination free when glasses are  
ordered at  
6 Pleasant St., South Paris, Me.

WOOL CARDING.  
If you have wool to be carded bring or  
send it to W. K. Hamlin's mill at South  
Waterford, Me., or to G. A. Cole, agent,  
Norway, Me., or to W. K. Hamlin, Bridg-  
ton, Me., railroad station.  
I run a team to Norway and Bridgton  
each week and will take wool to  
mill and return it without extra expense  
for trucking.  
Mill closes for the season Dec. 15th.  
Wool Rins and Wool Batching for sale.

W. K. HAMLIN,  
South Waterford, Me.

CARTER'S  
PHOTOLIBRARY  
PASTE  
will be found quick on  
application, strong in action,  
and thoroughly satisfactory  
in all respects.  
Always moist and ready  
for use.

L. C. HALL,  
SOLE AGENT, BETHEL, ME.

You People With  
NARROW FEET  
or  
TENDER FEET  
Feet Hard to  
fit—for any  
reason—should  
come to us.  
We have an  
endless variety  
of footwear.

THE PLACE TO BUY  
Fruit  
Confectionery  
Cigars  
Groceries and  
Flour,  
GUNS AND  
AMMUNITION,  
—IS AT—  
H.M. Farwell's  
(Successor to Farwell & Flint.)  
CAMERA  
CONTEST!

What reader of the Bethel News  
will form the largest number of cor-  
rect words from the letters contained  
in the words Camera Contest?  
To the one sending the  
Largest List  
before Dec. 22, accompanied by ten  
cents, I will give a nice Pocket  
Kodak camera; to the second, a  
watch, and to all others a piece of  
silverware or jewelry.  
Every One Gets a Prize.  
E. J. GAREY, So. Bethel, Me.

IT IS SAID THAT  
"THE BETHEL NEWS is the best  
advertising medium in Western  
Maine." Try it and see.  
July Average, 1890.

# The Bethel News.

YES, WE PRINT  
Letter Heads, Bill Heads, State-  
ments, Envelopes, Flyers, Cards,  
Wedding Stationery, Etc. : :  
"From a Card to a Poster."

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF BETHEL AND SURROUNDING TOWNS.

\$1.25 Per Year, in advance.

BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 13, 1897.

Vol. III. No. 20.

## Town Topics.

WHAT OUR PEOPLE ARE DOING.  
ITEMS OF INTEREST PICKED  
UP ABOUT TOWN.

"A City That is Set on a Hill Can-  
not Be Hid."

Court week at South Paris.  
Elmer Young is still improving.  
Rev. F. E. Barton was at Bryant's  
Pond, Friday.

Frank Young has been in Boston  
for a few days.

F. H. Lovejoy returned to Somer-  
ville, Mass., Friday.

D. C. Philbrook was in South  
Paris and Norway, Friday.

Miss Sarah Hall is visiting  
friends in Newtonville, Mass.

Lawyer Wright of South Paris,  
was in our village, Thursday.

Mr. Berto Bryant spent Sunday  
in town, and started Monday for  
Fort Kent.

Geo. King has gone to Berlin,  
where he has secured employment  
with the Berlin Mills Co.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Lovejoy are  
receiving congratulations on the  
arrival of a young daughter.

Miss Eva Twaddle started Mon-  
day for Farmington, where she is  
to attend the State Normal School.

Miss Lucy Fox returned home  
last Saturday; she has been  
spending the summer at Portland.

We desire to secure a few copies  
of the News of June 23rd. If you  
have one to spare kindly let us  
know.

Miss Ethel Hammons is absent  
from school this week, and Miss  
Bertha Wiley is teaching in her  
stead.

The Ladies' Circle will meet at  
the home of Mrs. I. C. Jordan, to-  
morrow afternoon, from 2 till  
5 o'clock.

S. N. Buck returned Thursday  
from his trip in the eastern part  
of the State and started Friday for  
New Hampshire.

Rev. F. E. Barton has recently  
clapboarded and painted his stable  
which adds much to the looks of  
his pleasant stand.

The subject of the discourse at  
the M. E. church next Sunday  
morning will be "The Importance  
of standing in One's Own Place."

Mrs. F. J. Roberts of China, who  
has been visiting her parents  
Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Capen for the  
past month, returned home yester-  
day.

T. Davis, buyer for J. Buckman  
& Co., of Mechanic Falls made us  
a pleasant call, Monday. He was  
in town to purchase goods of the  
Chair factory.

Dr. Hill and Miss Alice Billings  
attended the Jefferson Theater in  
Portland, Thursday night, where  
they saw Rip Van Winkle played  
with Joe Jefferson as Rip Van  
Winkle.

Reveling meetings will be held at  
the M. E. church every evening  
this week excepting Monday and  
Saturday evenings. The pastor  
will be assisted by Rev. W. B. El-  
drich of Norway.

Mr. Benj. Mitchell of Portland,  
manager of the American Express  
Co., came to town Wednesday, and  
returned Saturday in company  
with his wife, who has been stay-  
ing a few weeks at Alphonso W.  
Bean's.

Monday morning, while Gilbert  
Tuell and Albion Holt were shing-  
ling on the house of G. R. Wiley,  
the staging gave way. Mr. Tuell  
saved himself from falling, but  
Mr. Holt fell to the ground, frac-  
turing one rib and shaking him  
up quite badly.

Miss True's music class enjoyed  
a Haydn evening at her studio  
Thursday evening. An hour of  
study was spent upon the life and  
compositions of Haydn, after  
which the life of Mme. Carreno,  
the greatest living woman pianist,  
was discussed. The following pro-  
gramme was rendered:  
Andante, F. Symphonie. Beethoven.  
Song without words. Spindler.  
Ruby Clark. Grieg.  
Tombillider. Alma Gehring. MacDowell.  
Cradle Song. Bertha Wiley. Beethoven.  
Andante, Song. Frances Carter. Chaminade.  
Shadow Dance. Ethel Eames.

How's This!  
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward  
for any case of Catarrh that cannot be  
cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Proprietors, Toledo, O.  
We have the undersigned, have known F.  
J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and be-  
lieve him perfectly honorable in all busi-  
ness transactions and financially able  
to carry out any obligation made by  
him.

WEST & TRULAX, Wholesale Druggists,  
Toledo, O. WALKER, KINCAID & MAR-  
VIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internal-  
ly, acting directly upon the blood and  
mucous surfaces of the system. Price  
75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.  
Testimonials free.

## Earl Sanborn's Secret.

CHAPTER VI.  
Earl in Prison, and what he found  
there.

You remember how unceremo-  
niously the man hurled Earl  
away from his place, beside the  
poor victim he was trying to aid?  
Well, it made the little fellow an-  
gry—and if ever a boy had cause  
for showing temper, I think it  
was Earl Sanborn.

He picked himself out of the  
ditch in a hurry; and, all bristling  
with indignation, he walked up  
to the conductor—for it was that  
official who had molested him—and  
in his sharp, boyish voice, he  
heaved what he did that for.

"None of that to me!" said the  
conductor, eyeing him sharply  
from head to foot. "Keep a civil  
tongue in your head, or it will be  
worse for you. Here, Jack, this  
way!"

Jack was one of the brakemen,  
and he quickly responded to the  
call.

"Keep an eye on this young  
scamp, and mind he don't sneak  
away from you," said the conduc-  
tor, nodding his head toward  
where the dead passenger was ly-  
ing. "Now keep a sharp eye on  
him, for I want to hand him over,  
when we get to town."

"You're right I will!" said Jack.  
"But I wasn't stealing," said  
Earl, who now comprehended the  
situation. "I was only trying to  
find out who the man was."

"Bah! talk that to my foot!"  
said the brakeman.

"But he asked me to take some-  
thing out of his pocket—"

"Oh, stop your noise!" said Jack.  
"That one won't go down with me.  
Men don't talk much generally,  
when they're like him."

"But he was alive then," said  
Earl earnestly, and he beckoned  
to me to come.

"Bah! now dry up! You'll get  
jugged anyway, when we get to  
town."

These slang phrases, which the  
brakeman used lavishly, were en-  
tirely new to Earl, yet he instinc-  
tively guessed their meaning.

"Do you mean that I'll be put  
in prison?" he asked.

"You're right, I do. You'll get  
your board and clothes for a year  
or two, and all the lawyers in Chi-  
cago can't save you."

"But I didn't steal, and wasn't  
trying to," persisted Earl.

"Don't make any difference,"  
said Jack. "You did just as I  
should if I was stealing, and you  
got caught at it. Now just trot  
right back to the rear with me,  
and none of your tricks. I carry  
shooting irons, and if you run I  
shall drop you."

By this time Earl saw how use-  
less it was to attempt to convince  
the brakeman of his innocence,  
and he said no more, but did as  
he was told without murmuring.

When the relief train arrived, he  
was put aboard with Jack, and  
thus taken to the city. Arriving  
there, an officer took him in  
charge, and marched him to the  
county-house.

The little fellow felt his disgrace.  
Without one dishonest thought,  
but, on the contrary, desiring to do  
all that he could to help the suffer-  
ing victims of the disaster, it  
seemed hard to be branded as a  
thief. He was among strangers,  
too, with not one to testify to his  
good name. Only for that boyish  
pride, which shrinks from being  
thought anything less than a man,  
he would have broken down entire-  
ly. That kept him up, as to out-  
ward appearance, and he walked  
along by the officer's side without  
any show of weakness. But his  
heart was almost bursting. With  
a thousand strange sights all  
about him, he saw none of them.  
He could think of nothing but his  
own disgrace.

The station house was reached  
at last, and Earl was taken to a  
large, damp, and gloomy room—  
so gloomy that the sight of it sent  
a chill to the lad's heart. For the  
first time, he offered resistance.  
He could not make up his mind to  
enter such a place. "I don't want  
to go in there," he said, shrinking  
from the noisome hole, yet peering  
into the darkness with that fasci-  
nating which terror begets in all  
men.

"I'll not run away, if you will let  
me stay here!"

"The officer was not, naturally, a  
hard-hearted man, but he heard  
just such promises every hour of  
the day, and he had become hard-  
ened; so without any parley, he  
pushed the lad into the apartment.  
Earl sprang for the door, but be-  
fore he reached it, it was closed  
and fastened.

What a lonely feeling the dull  
thud of the lock gave him, as the  
bolt was forced into the socket!  
No uttered exclamation could have  
told him, half so plainly, of his  
helplessness. Alone, and in pri-

son! He thought of all that he  
had ever read of prisons and mar-  
tyrs, and of all the stories he had  
ever thought of in all his life. A  
map of the years he had lived  
seemed to be marked out before  
him, and he saw it all.

All this time he was standing  
just as he stood when the door  
was bolted against him. He had  
scarcely moved a finger, but stood  
like one turned to stone. I do  
not know how long he would have  
remained thus, for a noise in the  
room startled him out of his tor-  
turing reverie.

He had supposed that he was  
alone in the room, and the sound,  
whatever it was, came so unex-  
pectedly, that he was frightened.  
He turned instinctively to face the  
danger, and as his eyes had be-  
come accustomed to the semi-dark-  
ness of the place, he could plain-  
ly distinguish a human form  
stretched out upon a bench, nest-  
ling about and yawning as though  
just waking from a sound sleep.

At first thought, Earl felt re-  
lieved to find that he had company,  
and his first impulse was to speak;  
but, on second thought, he decid-  
ed to make his presence known in  
some other way; so he walked  
across the room, and sat down on  
one of the empty benches placed  
next to the wall.

"Hello, Chappy! when did you  
come?" exclaimed the recumbent  
figure, rising to a sitting posture,  
and rubbing his eyes, and yawn-  
ing. "How long have you been  
here?"

"Only a little while," said Earl.  
"What are you in for?"

"They put me in," answered  
Earl.

"Of course they did. But what  
for? What did you do?"

"Nothing!"

"Of course you didn't," said the  
other, with a coarse laugh.  
"Everybody that comes in here  
haven't done anything. I'm in  
here for nothing at all. Got on a  
little spree, as I have a hundred  
times before, but I didn't do any-  
thing. Now what didn't you do,  
that made 'em put you here?"

"I didn't do anything wrong!"  
persisted Earl.

"Of course you didn't," exclaimed  
the other. "Stick to it, Chappy,  
and when they bring you before  
'Your Honor,' just hang to the  
same thing. That's the way, I  
wonder how the weather is, out-  
side."

He arose and went to one of the  
small barred windows, and looked  
out. As the light fell upon  
his face, Earl started perceptibly,  
and, bending forward, eagerly  
scanned the features.

"It's he! It's he!" he whis-  
pered, so loud that he almost betrayed  
himself. It is Billy Daniels!  
Oh, if father was only here!"

"What's that?" said the other,  
turning toward him.

"Nothing," said Earl, pulling  
his cap down so as to shade his  
face. "Nothing much."

"Well, that seems to be about  
all you can say," said the other.  
"I guess they put you in for a  
know-nothing."

Paul said nothing, and the  
other went back to his bench.

"Have a smoke, Chappy? he  
asked, pulling a cigar case from  
his pocket.

"I never smoked."

"A good time to begin. Try one?"

"A good time to begin, to begin,"  
answered Earl. "No thank you,  
I don't care for any."

"You don't know what is good,"  
said the other, lighting his cigar.

"Now, I'll smoke, and then I'll  
take another nap, until they get  
ready to let me out. And I want  
you to keep still."

"I'll be very still," said Earl.

The two sat there in silence, for  
some time; and at last, Earl  
heard his companion snoring.  
Then he got up and walked softly  
over to the window. He had a  
purpose in view. While Daniels  
stood there at the window, he  
dropped something, which looked  
like a letter. Earl now went to  
pick it up. It was a letter, ad-  
dressed to William Daniels, and if  
Earl had any doubts before, they  
were removed when he saw that  
name.

Earl did not feel just right  
about opening that letter; but af-  
ter some hesitation, he did open it,  
and read it through. The contents  
seemed to be very pleasing, too,  
for he laughed almost aloud, and  
clapped his hands, taking care to  
be very quiet about it.

"I don't believe it was a bit  
wrong to open it," he thought,  
"and now that I have opened it,  
and know what there is in it, I  
know it won't be wrong to keep it;  
for it is worth everything to father.  
Oh, I knew I was right, and now  
I have got something to prove it!"

What a lonely feeling the dull  
thud of the lock gave him, as the  
bolt was forced into the socket!  
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said the other, lighting his cigar.

"Now, I'll smoke, and then I'll  
take another nap, until they get  
ready to let me out. And I want  
you to keep still."

door now."

The heavy bolt was thrown back  
and the same officer who put him  
in there, opened the door.

"Come, my lad, you are wanted."

Earl was only too glad to get  
out of that place, and he obeyed  
with promptness.

Out in day-light again; and  
with the letter he had picked up  
safely stowed away in his pocket,  
he felt much more hopeful; and  
he could look around him with  
some feeling of surprise and curi-  
osity. Everything was new and  
strange, and he could have enjoy-  
ed it, had he not been a prisoner.

That was enough to mar his hap-  
piness. But the first shock having  
worn off, and his young heart  
full of hope, he was not at all sad-  
ness. There was a little comfort  
for him—a very little.

He noticed for the first time,  
that the officer had a kindly face,  
and after revolving the question  
in his mind for some moments, he  
asked the man if he would be al-  
lowed to communicate with his  
father. Being answered in the  
affirmative, he wanted to know  
what the quickest way would be.

"By telegraph," answered the  
officer.

"But the wires are down," said  
Earl.

"How do you know that?"

"I saw them when I came down  
on the cars, sir. That was what  
made the trains meet and smash!"

"That was hours ago," said the  
officer, with a smile. "There is an  
office on the next street. We will  
go in and inquire, if you want to  
send. Have you any money?"

"A little," said Earl. "How  
much will it cost?"

"A dollar or two."

"Then I shall have to wait for  
a letter to get there," said Earl,  
with a downcast look.

"It won't make much difference  
in the time. A letter will go  
through in one day."

"Then I will wait."

By this time the office, where  
Earl was to have his examina-  
tion, was reached. I shall not tell  
you what was done in there, fur-  
ther than to say that the poor lad  
had no one to speak a word in his  
defense, and he was committed—  
which means that he was sent  
back to prison to await his trial.

This time he was put in a room  
by himself—in a cell—and he was  
more lonely than ever. He felt  
hopeful, however, for he had writ-  
ten to his father, and was waiting  
for an answer. It did not come  
as quick as he expected, for he  
reasoned that if a letter would go  
in one day, the answer ought to  
come back in another, so he grew  
impatient, even before the end of  
the second day, and sent him tele-  
gram which started Mr. Sanborn  
for the city. He felt easier after  
that; but as the days passed, and  
he heard nothing from his father,  
he grew exceedingly anxious and  
downcast.

"The wires were down, I know,"  
he said to himself, "and perhaps  
that was what stopped the letter.  
Perhaps the trains met again, and  
my letter got lost, or burned up."

One day, as he sat brooding over  
his troubles, and for the hun-  
dredth time looking at the package  
which he had taken from the pocket  
of the unfortunate victim of  
the collision, the thought of  
opening it came into his mind.  
He had thought of this before, but  
was waiting the arrival of his fa-  
ther, before doing so. Now that  
he had given up looking for his  
father, he could not see the propri-  
ety of waiting any longer; and as  
it must be opened before the owner  
could be found, he saw nothing  
improper in taking that task up  
on himself. It was a very simple  
thing to do, and if it should be  
taken from him, he never would  
know whether it would reach the  
owner or not, unless he opened it,  
and found who it belonged to.

Thus he reasoned, until at last  
he took out his knife and cut the  
paper. He had not the slightest  
idea what the contents could be,  
and when he had removed the  
safety wrapper, and saw the "great  
pile of money," as he called it, he  
was amazed beyond measure.  
Such a lot of money as he had  
been carrying around, and knew  
nothing about it. What if he had  
been robbed!

He was so astonished, at first,  
that he forgot the object for which  
he opened the package. It came  
to him again very soon, however,  
and lifting the money out, he saw  
several papers. They were notes  
made payable to the order of John  
Barrett. Earl did not know the  
nature of the papers, but he could  
read the name, "John Barrett,"  
on them all, and he naturally sup-  
posed that the package belonged  
to him. When the keeper came  
around, Earl asked him if he knew  
anything about a Mr. John Bar-  
rett?

"Killed in the collision?" was  
the reply. "One of the first men

of the city. Rich!"

"But he left some folks?" said  
Earl.

"I suppose so—yes, I know he  
did. But what about it?"

"I want to see some of them.  
Will you tell them?"











